

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

Christian Anti Slavery Convention.

The proceedings of a meeting held at Watertown, Ct., Oct. 14, styled "The Christian Convention," have been sent us for publication; which, upon examination we have concluded to reject. The proceedings contain not only the doings of the Convention, but also the *Cred*, of a new Church which we find was organized at the time. The church, we judge from the creed to be New School Congregational; it discards slavery in every form. This is well enough, but we object to the haughty, self righteous tone of their Address, in which they not only style themselves christians, but unblushingly declare that a great majority of the Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Episcopal churches of this State are "respecters of persons," "despisers of the poor," in fellowship with run-sellers and rum-drinkers," & abettors and apologists of slavery," &c.

Now these men are at liberty to enjoy their opinions, but we cannot lend our aid in disseminating a religion that looks to us precisely like that of the Pharisee when he "thanked God that he was not as other men."

Revivals.

We learn from the Religious Herald that the revival in Richmond is increasing in interest. Dr. Fuller had consented to remain another week.—Baptisms occurred not only on the Sabbath, but during the week.

At Greenville, Butler co., Ala., a joint meeting was held by the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist ministers. From 60 to 70 converts joined different churches, and a Baptist church of 23 members was constituted, all baptized during the meeting. Elder Jesus Lee had baptized from 15 to 20 persons in Dallas co. At Perryville 18 had been baptized. Elder Henderson writes: "I think there have been nearly 300 accessions to the churches within the bounds of our association within the last two months."—*Ila. Baptist, Oct. 2.*

Germany.

The Rev. Dr. Baird in a recent letter says:

"The times are ominous of great evil in Germany. A storm is gathering which will sweep over that country. There is need, therefore, that all that can be done should be, to scatter the seeds of truth; for it alone can save the horrors of a bloody revolution. Indeed, I think all continental Europe is going to be shaken to its very center before many years pass away."

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Poetry.

The Pauper's Death-Bed.

THREAD softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great.
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that Boggar's roof,
Let! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courters tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meager hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Ob! change—Oh! wondrous change—

Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!

There lie the soulless dead!
The sun eternal breaks—
The new Immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Mrs. Southey's Poems.

I never cast a flower away.

The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower—a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu

To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their helplessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"

But with an utterance faint and broken;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.

Religious & Moral.

For the Christian Secretary.

Lilia Herbert.

CHAPTER III.

"Even triflers feel
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea! and its own life also,—lays them all,
Meek and unblushing, on a mortal's breast."

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

Shall we describe the wedding? Briefly then, there was the usual flutter of white dresses and of the bride's heart. She looked more beautiful than ever before, as brides always do, and the groom was happier than he had ever been, of course. Perhaps the bride was happy too, only she was not as ready to own it, but I do not know how that was, for as far as I am aware, she never told. The brilliant assembly were all very merry, who ever saw a wedding party otherwise? The only sad people there, were the near relatives of the bride, whose joy was darkened as the shadow of the approaching separation fell over their loving spirits.

I take that back. There were a very few others who did not exactly enter into the spirit of the scene, or rather they entered too deeply into it, for their own peace of mind. These protested the next day to their particular friends, (under injunctions of secrecy) that they never saw any one look like such a perfect simpleton as did the groom. As for Lilia, they never considered her as pretty as many did, but that evening she turned so red and looked so foolish she was positively ugly. If I should inform you of the particular circumstances of these people, you might deem it invidious, so I shall not explain the hue of the medium through which they gazed.

All the married people were in fine spirits. Some persons ascribed this to the benevolence of their hearts. They rejoiced to behold others becoming as happy as they had long been. Others found a solution of their enjoyment, in a certain old English maxim which intimates the fondness of misery for society. I shall not attempt to settle this mooted point.

A good old puritan once remarked that there was too much laughing at weddings; "for," added he, gravely, "it is a solemn and an awful occasion." Probably the good man occasioned more of the objectionable demonstration by his last adjective, than he hindered. But without quite agreeing with our great Grandfather in this, we will still lay aside our mirthful tone, for no reflecting heart can fail to behold in such a momentous ceremony, much of a solemn and tearful interest.

"The license'd jester's lip, the dancer's heel—

What do they here?
Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,
Fits with life's dewy bower, girdeth on
That laurel, which the ministry of Death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of eternity."

CHAPTER IV.

"I've seen the colors fading from all that I could
prise,
Like day's departing glories from out the sunset
skies."

Three bright years had flown on golden pinions away, and it became necessary in the course of his business operations, for Mr. Coleman to leave his youthful wife in their pleasant home, while he passed a winter abroad. The letters which he brought from his numerous influential friends, and

the station of rank and fashion which some of his family connexions there occupied, immediately introduced him into a very gay, pleasure-loving circle, and invitations to dining parties of gentlemen and evening soirees, were perpetual. His elegant, yet frank manners, and most charming conversational talent, soon rendered him a great favorite. Yet did he frequently retire disgusted from a large table surrounded by gentlemen, every one of whom had sat at the wine banquet, (which was the inevitable concomitant of every such gathering;) until his conversation was revolving in its folly, and the thick utterance betrayed the surcharged head. Poor Coleman fancied that the favor of these wealthy and influential, but most worthless men, was important to him, as in his extensive business relations, almost all of them were more or less connected with him. He had not the fortitude to incur their contempt and displeasure.

"Are you a Washingtonian?" sneeringly queried a fiery-eyed old gentleman, as he witnessed the young man's aversion to the draughts that were forced upon him.

The ready color crimsoned the other's cheek, rendering his pure healthful complexion for a moment something similar to the happy faces by which he was surrounded; as he hastily replied in the negative, and inwardly deplored that he was not. "That would shelter me, and relieve me from this constant importunity," thought he, "but I cannot commence now of course."

Yet these gentlemen were what the world calls, highly polished; their polite attentions and really kind treatment in many respects, not only flattered the sorely tempted young man, but won his gratitude. Many of them had travelled much, and their conversation was highly entertaining. Gradually their guest grew fond of this state of society. He was surrounded by but one influence, and it rapidly gained upon his unfeigned spirit; there was no barrier between him and destruction, and each revolution of the dread whirlpool, drew him closer and closer into its dark bosom. First of all, where God's love is not, and therefore his sustaining grace is absent;—and second, where the temperature pledge is not, which he has been pleased wonderfully to bless; let the wind of temptation blow, and the flood of evil example arise, ah! the ruin that ensues, is ever terrible!

Had Arthur Coleman become a drunkard! By no means. He had never once been really intoxicated, but when the eight months to which his stay had of necessity been protracted, had expired, the poor fellow was a changed man. He was twice as excitable, quite irritable and impatient, and his heart often throbbed painfully, as he felt conscious that his self-respect and lightness of spirit, were departing together. Sometimes Mrs. Coleman's sweet letters of affectionate interest appeared to reprove him, yet he could scarcely tell why he felt guilty. Uncle Herbert's spirit had often seemed to rise before him like the ghost of Banquo, as he sat at the festive board, and already had he taken that step so wont to be fatal; i. e., drinking to drown reflection. At this awful point in his history, he is separated in a prison from which there is but one possible way of escape. That way, blessed be God! is sure, safe, CERTAIN. Feeling his utter weakness before the power of this foe, he had thrown himself penitent and believing to destruction, was an agony too dreadful for any thing short of Almighty grace to sustain her under.

Poor Coleman's descent was exceedingly rapid. (*To be continued.*)

rushed at once to her soft uplifted eyes, and as she struggled to repress their flowing, they fell back upon her spirit like coals of fire.

CHAPTER V.

"To trust 'mid danger and 'mid care;
To love when love seems almost dead;
To hope when other hearts despair;
And pray when love and hope are fled."

Mrs. MUNROE.

Poor Lilia passed a sleepless night. She tried to pray for her poor husband, she tried to pray that if he ceased to cherish her, she might not cease to love him; she attempted in some sort of a way to obtain consolation from God, but she had never opened her heart to Christ, and the spirit of prayer came not with its voice. Gentle, affectionate, confiding, she was all that a wife could be without grace, which is, after all, just simply to say, that she lacked that which is, and ever must be, ALL.

She could not now lead her beloved to the Saviour. She could not pray for him, with awaiting supplications.

But the succeeding day, was far brighter than she had dared to anticipate. Her husband begged her forgiveness with the utmost tenderness. His kind words fell on her soul like fragrant dew, and she began to hope that the dark cloud which had so suddenly lowered over her happy dwelling, had now floated away forever. A few times during the succeeding winter, a cold pang shot through her heart, like the chill of death itself, on perceiving Arthur's breath tainted with the accursed poison; but this rare, and she, naturally hopeful, invented all the excuses for it, she could think of.

In the mean time the brightest page that her history had ever unfolded, opened in blessedness. A treasure, infinitely more precious than a husband's love, than all earthly felicity combined, was clasped to her rejoicing bosom.

It was the *changeless love* of God. I have not space, I fear, to detail the instrumentalities employed in this transcendent change, and must pass on.

Sometime in the month of March, Mr. Coleman's pecuniary affairs became much involved, and at last the whole of his estate, except a small remnant, passed out of his hands. These troubles sealed his doom. He returned to his cups like a man possessed with a demon, and sought to dry up this new sorrow, as it were, with the very flames of perdition. For the loss of the property, Lilia cared nothing. She had learned whose were "the silver and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," and she had set too trustingly at the feet of the Holy Saviour, to believe that he would give her soul to eat of His own body, and then withhold any needed temporal sustenance.

But to behold her beloved husband rushing headlong to destruction, was an agony too dreadful for any thing short of Almighty grace to sustain her under.

Poor Coleman's descent was exceedingly rapid. (*To be continued.*)

From the Congregational Journal.

Fretting and Scolding.

1. It is a sin against God.—It is evil, and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you can speak without fretting and scolding, all the better.

2. It destroys affection.—No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives, and domestics, have no affection for your peevish, fretful fault-finder. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them; may bear with them; but they can not love them any more than they can love the sting of nettles, or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern and to dissipation by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. It is a bane of domestic happiness.—A fretful, peevish, complaining, fault-finding person in a family is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Wo to the man, woman, or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another!—Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. D. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is no more fond of her company; that her children give her so much trouble; that domestics do not like to work for her; that she can not secure the good will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her, but do not love her. She never yet gained the affections of a young person, nor ever will, she till leaves off fretting.

4. It defeats the end of family government.—Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the grand secret of managing young persons. Now your fitters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults when they correct one. Scolding a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspiring dread and dislike, and foster those very dispositions from which many of the worst faults of childhood proceed.

Mr. G. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children. She is severe upon their faults; she seems to watch them in order to find fault; she sneers at them, taunts them, and treats them as though they had no feelings.

She seldom gives a command without a threat, and a long running, fault-finding commentary. When she corrects her children, it is not done calmly, and in a serious, dignified manner. She raises her voice, and puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, and snaps their heads. The children cry, pout, sulk;

and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. She will then fret at her husband because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime in with her as a chorus.

5. Fretting and scolding make hypocrites.—As fretters never receive confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them anything disagreeable, and so procure themselves a fretting. Now children always conceal as much as they can from such persons; they can not make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but who likes to come in contact with nettles and mosquitoes?

6. It destroys one's peace of mind.—The more one frets, the more one may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at. Especially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place; there will be always some dirt somewhere; others will not eat right, look right, sit right, talk right, act right; that is, will not do these things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard to any one's comfort but their own.

7. It is a mark of a vulgar, selfish disposition.—Some persons have so much gall in their dispositions, are so selfish, that they seem to have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Wo to the children who are exposed to such influences! It makes them callous and unfeeling, and when they grow up they pursue the same course with their own children, or those intrusted to their management, and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any persons who are in the habit of fretting, sneering, or taunting their husbands, wives, children, or domestics, show either a bad disposition, or ill-breeding. For it is generally your ignorant people that are guilty of such things.

Flight of Roger Williams.

From the narrative which has already been given, it is plain that the head and front of his offending consisted in his maintaining, that the civil magistrate has no right to interfere with religious opinions. Of the truth of this principle, and its paramount importance to the well-being of society, there is no longer any room for question. It is now the cherished sentiment of the people of this country, and is rapidly extending its sway throughout the Protestant world. In the mind of Roger Williams, even at an early period of life, it was clearly conceived, and earnestly pressed to its legitimate results; though it was there mingled with other opinions, with which it had no natural connection. It may also be admitted, that, while in Massachusetts, he advocated his principle with too urgent a zeal, and with too little regard for the prevailing opinions of the age; but, after making every allowance that either justice or charity can claim, his banishment must still be regarded as an arbitrary proceeding, utterly without foundation either in justice or in state necessity. It was the offspring of a principle that would justify every species of tyranny, and it will forever remain among the few spots that tarnish the escutcheon of Massachusetts, otherwise radiant with numerous virtues.

At the period to which this narrative relates, how different was the aspect of New England from that which she now presents! From the shores of Massachusetts Bay to the shores of Narragansett, is now a pleasant excursion of a few hours, through busy villages and cultivated fields, and across a region diversified everywhere with the innumerable occupations and the ever cheerful sights and sounds of civilized life. But, at the time of Roger Williams' banishment, none of these had ever begun to be. The only settlements of white men, in the district now comprising the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, were scattered along the coast from Cape Cod to Portsmouth. The colonists, in that early day, had seldom travelled far into the interior. The whole extent of country stretching northward from the ocean, between Boston or Plymouth on the east, and the Pawtucket or Seconk River on the west, now embracing several thickly-peopled counties of the State of Massachusetts, was then a wide wilderness, interspersed with thick forests, and presenting scarcely a single dwelling of civilized man.

It was in January, 1636, the sternest month of a New England winter, when Roger Williams left his wife and babes in Salem, in order to escape the warrant, that would have conducted him to the ship then waiting to bear him to England. He went forth an exiled man, to trust his life and fortunes to the rough chances of wilderness, that then skirted the colonies of Plymouth and of Massachusetts Bay. Seldom has an exile for opinion's sake been driven from a Christian community to encounter more severe necessities, or endure more crushing privations. He was without companions, and without a place of refuge from the severities of the pitiless season. Though he has left no detailed account of his wanderings, yet here and there a scattered allusion, in his writings, tells us how wretched must have been his exiled condition.

In a letter to his friend Major Mason, written thirty-five years afterwards, he speaks of still feeling its effects. "I was surely tossed," says he, "for fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what house or bed did mean."

In the absence of authentic narrative, the imagination calls up the desolate aspect of New England two hundred years ago, and pictures the scene of his "sorrowful flight." Before him spread the wide forest, covered with the deep snows of mid-winter, tracked by wild beasts, whose num-

A QUESTION BOOK.

ON the Miracles of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Designed for Sabbath schools and Bible classes. Rev. Lemuel Porter.

The object of this book is to direct the attention of Christians in particular, to the miracles wrought by our Lord Jesus Christ, as well known to the reality of them, as the well known to the reality of these miracles is denied in a great variety of ways. In this radical age, our youth cannot be too well informed concerning the truth of the gospel. This book is intended for persons of different ages, and of different degrees of intellectual ability, that are made accordingly. Some of them will appear quite easy, and others more difficult. Singing at the close of the lesson, much to the interest of the service. Two versions are given to the subject of the service. The shortest lesson is believed to last a full year. The shortest lesson is believed to embrace sufficient exercises to interest a class during the time allotted to the exercise.

From Zion's Herald.

The New England S. S. Union has issued an excellent Question Book on the Miracles of our Saviour from the pen of Rev. Lemuel Porter.

From the Christian Watchman.

We think the plan of this little book most excellent, and one that cannot fail to commend itself to the regard of all intelligent superintendents and teachers. It meets an imperative want at this time, when infidelity more and when the state of our literature, a large portion of our literature, is flagrant. It is well known that the school encyclopedias are flagrant in their attacks on the Christian pulpit. We would recommend this book to the careful attention of all interested in Sabbath schools.

Published at the Depository of the New England S. S. Union, No. 79 Cornhill, Boston. Oct 2.

School Books, &c.

A LITTLEFIELD informs his friends and the public that he has opened a store at 205 North Main street, first door west of Phelps' block, where he intends to keep a full supply of family groceries of the best and choicer kinds, which he will sell at fair market prices. Families may depend upon being furnished with articles of all kinds in instance goods from his store should not answer the recommendation, they may be returned and the money will be cheerfully refunded.

FLOUR, CORN, MEAL, PROVENDER, &c.

J. LITCHFIELD has opened up spacious and convenient rooms for storing the above articles, will which he will be happy at all times to furnish his customers with the best qualities. Keepers of Hotels, Livery Stables, &c., are invited to call and satisfy themselves as to the quality of the articles which he sells.

Grocer disposed of a part of the city.

P. S.—As J. G. is intended to be governed by the laws of fair and honorable trade, he will advise no goods at less price than cost for the purpose of decoy strangers by these *stud-pieces*. He intends to sell at a moderate price, and never to take advantage of his customers in consequence of the scarcity of the article in the market.

New Store.

J. G. LITCHFIELD informs his friends and the public that he has opened a store at 205 North Main street, first